

15 Words 15c

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(Continued.)

The second thing was that this war was going to come as a mighty surprise to Britain. Karolide's death would set the Balkans by the ears, and then Vienna would chip in with an ultimatum. Russia wouldn't like that, and there would be high words.

But Berlin would play the peace-maker and pour oil on the waters. Hill suddenly she would find a good cause for a quarrel. Our coast would be silently ringed with mines, and submarines would be waiting for every battleship.

But all this depended upon the third thing, which was due to happen on June 15. I would never have grasped this if I hadn't once happened to meet a French staff officer, coming back from West Africa, who had told me a lot of things.

One was that in spite of all the nonsense talked in parliament there was a real working alliance between France and Britain, and that the two general staffs met every now and then and made plans for joint action in time of war. Well, in June M. Royer, the French minister of marine, was coming over from Paris, and he was going to get nothing less than a statement of the disposition of the British home fleet on mobilization.

At least I gathered it was something like that. Anyhow, it was something uncommonly important. But on the 15th day of June there were to be others in London—others at whom I could only guess. Scudder was content to call them collectively the Black Stone.

They represented not our allies, but our deadly foes, and the information, destined for France, was to be diverted to their pockets. And it was to be used, remember—used a week or two later—with great guns and swift torpedoes suddenly in the darkness of a summer night.

This was the story I had been deciphering in a back room at a counting-house, overlooking a cabbage garden. This was the story that hummed in my brain as I swung in the big touring car from Glen to Glen.

My first impulse had been to write a letter to the prime minister, but a little reflection convinced me that that would be useless. Who would believe my tale?

Above all I must keep going myself, ready to act when things got ripe, and that was going to be no light job, with the police of the British Isles in full cry after me and the watchers of the Black Stone running silently and swiftly on my trail.

I had no very clear purpose in my journey, but I steered east by the sun, for I remembered from the map that if I went north I would come into a region of coal pits and industrial towns. Presently I was down from the moorlands and traversing the broad haugh of a river.

For miles I ran alongside a park wall, and in a break of the trees I saw a great castle.

I swung through little old thatched streams and past gardens blazing with hawthorn and yellow laburnum.

The land was so deep in peace that I could scarcely believe that somewhere behind me were those who sought my life; aye, and that in a month's time, unless I had the almightiest of luck, these round, country faces would be plucked and staring, and men would be lying dead in English fields.

It was hard to conceive that shortly an act would be committed which would set the world aflame with the most terrible of all wars. And as I look back now and think of the tremendous secret that I possessed I wonder how I shouldered the responsibility.

But I had no time to think seriously of the future in those strenuous days. It was action, and immediate action, that was demanded. It was imperative that I get in touch with our government by the 15th of June.

About midday I entered a long, straggling village and had a mind to stop and eat. Halfway down was the postoffice, and on the steps of it stood the postmistress and a policeman hard at work counting a telegram.

When they saw me they wakened up, and the policeman advanced with raised hand and cried on me to stop.

I nearly was fool enough to obey. Then it flashed upon me that the wire had to do with me, that my friends at the inn had come to an understanding and were united in desiring to see more of me and that it had been easy enough for them to wire the description of me and the car to thirty villages through which I might pass.

I released the brakes just in time. As it was the policeman made a clasp at the hood and only dropped off when he got my left in his eye.

I saw that main roads were no place for me and turned into the byways. It wasn't an easy job without a map, for there was the risk of getting on to a farm road and ending in a duck pond or a stable yard, and I couldn't afford that kind of delay.

I began to see what an ass I had been to steer the car.

The big green brute would be the safest kind of clew to me over the

breadth of Scotland. If I left it and took to my feet it would be discovered in an hour or two, and I would get no start in the race.

The immediate thing to do was to get to the loneliest roads. These I soon found when I struck up a tributary of the big river and got into a glen with steep hills all about me and a cork-strewed road at the end which climbed over a pass.

Here I met nobody, but it was taking me too far north, so I slued east along a bad track and finally struck a big double line railway. Away below me I saw another broadish valley, and it occurred to me that if I crossed it I might find some remote hostility to pass the night.

The evening was now drawing in, and I was furiously hungry, for I had eaten nothing since breakfast except a couple of buns I had bought from a baker's cart.

Just then I heard a noise in the sky, and lo and behold there was that infernal aeroplane, flying low, about a dozen miles to the south and rapidly coming toward me.

I had the sense to remember that on a bare moor I was at the aeroplane's mercy and that my only chance was to get to the leafy cover of the valley.

Down the hill I went like blue lightning, screwing my head round whenever I dared to watch that flying machine. Soon I was on a road between hedges and dipping to the deep cut of a stream.

Then came a bit of thick wood, where I slackened speed.

Suddenly on my left I heard the boot of another car and realized to my horror that I was almost upon a couple of gateposts through which a private road debouched on the highway. My horn gave an agonized roar, but it was too late.

I clapped on my brakes, but my impetus was too great, and there before me a car was sliding athwart my course. In a second there would have been the debris of a wreck. I did the only thing possible and ran slap into the hedge on the right, trusting to find something soft beyond.

But there I was mistaken. My car splintered through the hedge like butter and then gave a sickening plunge forward. I saw what was coming, leaped on the seat and would have jumped out. But a stout branch of hawthorn got me in the chest, lifted me up and held me, while a ton or two of expensive metal slipped below me, bucked and pitched, and then dropped with an almighty smash fifty feet to the bed of the stream.

I subsided first on the hedge and then very gently on a bower of nettles. As I scrambled to my feet a hand took me by the arm and a sympathetic and badly scared voice asked me if I were hurt.

I found myself looking at a tall young man in goggles and a leather ulster, who kept on blessing his soul and whizzing apologies. For myself, once I got my wind back, I was rather glad than otherwise.

This was one way of getting rid of the car.

"My blame, sir," I answered him. "It's lucky that I did not add homicide to my follies. That's the end of my Scotch motor tour, but it might have been the end of my life."

He plucked out a watch and studied it.

"You're the right sort of fellow," he said. "I can spare a quarter of an hour, and my house is two minutes

off. I'll see you clothed and fed and snug in bed. Where's your kit, by the way? Is it in the burn along with the car?"

"It's in my pocket," I said, brandishing a toothbrush. "I'm a colonial and travel light."

"A colonial," he cried. "By gad, you're the very man I've been praying for. Are you by any blessed chance

a free trader?"

"I am," said I, without the foggiest notion of what he meant.

He patted my shoulder and hurried me into his car. Three minutes later we drew up before a comfortable-looking shooting box set among pine trees, and he ushered me indoors. He took me first to a bedroom and hung half a dozen of his suits before me, for my own had been pretty well reduced to rags.

I selected a loose blue serge, which differed most conspicuously from my own garments, and borrowed a linen collar.

Then he hailed me to the dining room, where the remnants of a meal stood on the table, and announced that I had just five minutes to feed. "You can take a snack in your pocket, and we'll have supper when we get back. I've got to be at the Masonic hall at 8 o'clock or my agent will comb my hair."

CHAPTER VI.

"A Bit About Australia."

I HAD a cup of coffee and some cold ham, while the young man of goggles and leather ulster yawned away on the hearth rug.

"You find me in the deuce of a mess, Mr.—By the bye, you haven't told me your name. Twisden? Any relation of old Tommy Twisden of the Sixtieth? No. Well, you see I'm Liberal candidate for this part of the world, and I had a meeting on tonight at Brattleburn. That's my chief town and an informal very stronghold."

"I had got the colonial ex-premier fellow, Crumpleton, coming to speak for me tonight and had the thing tremendously billed and the whole place ground baited. This afternoon I got a wire from the ruffian saying he has got influenza at Blackpool, and here am I left to do the whole thing myself. I had meant to speak for ten minutes and must now go on for forty, and though I've been racking my brains for three hours to think of something, I simply cannot last the course."

"Now you've got to be a good chap and help me. You're a free trader and can tell our people what a wasteful protection is in the colonies. All you fellows have the gift of the gab. I wish to heavens I had it. I'll be for evermore in your debt."

I had very few notions about free trade one way or the other, but I saw no other chance to get what I wanted.

My young gentleman was far too absorbed in his own difficulties to think how odd it was to ask a stranger who had just missed death by an ace and had lost a 1,000 guinea car to address a meeting for him on the spur of the moment. But my necessities did not allow me to contemplate oddnesses or to pick and choose my supporters.

"All right," I said. "I'm not much good as a speaker, but I'll tell them a bit about Australia."

At my words the cares of the ages slipped from his shoulders, and he was rapturous in his thanks. He lent me a big driving coat and never troubled to ask why I had started in a motor tour without possessing an ulster and as we shuffled down the dusty roads poured into my ears the simple facts of his history.

He was an orphan, and his uncle had brought him up. I've forgotten the uncle's name, but he was in the cabinet, and you can read his speeches in the papers.

He had gone round the world after leaving Cambridge, and then, being short of a job, his uncle had advised politics. I gathered that he had no preference in parties. "Good chaps in both," he said cheerfully, "and plenty of blighters too. I'm Liberal because my family have always been Whigs."

But if he was lukewarm politically he had strong views on other things. He found out I knew a bit about horses and jawed away about the Derby entries, and he was full of plans for improving his shooting—altogether a very clean, decent, callow young man.

As we passed through a little town two policemen stared at me and flashed their lanterns on us. "Beg pardon, Sir Harry," said one. "We've got instructions to look out for a car, and the description's no unlike yours."

"Right-o," said my host, while I thanked Providence for the devious ways I had been brought to safety.

After that we spoke no more, for my host's mind began to labor heavily with his coming speech. His lips kept muttering, his eye wandered, and I began to prepare myself for a second catastrophe. I tried to think of something to say myself, but my mind was dry as a stone.

The next thing I knew we had drawn up outside a door in a street and were being welcomed by some noisy gentlemen in topcoats.

The hall had about 500 in it, women mostly, a lot of bald heads and a dozen or two young men.

The chairman, a weaselly minister with a reddish nose, lamented Crumpleton's absence, soliloquized on his influenza and gave me a certificate as a "trusted leader of Australian thought."

There were two policemen at the door and I hoped they took note of this testimonial.

Then Sir Harry started. I never heard anything like it. He didn't begin to know how to talk. He had about a bushel of notes from which he read, and when he let go of them he fell into one prolonged stammer.

Every now and then he remembered a phrase he had learned by heart, straightened his back and gave it off like Henry Irving, and the next moment he was bent double and crouching over his papers. It was the most appalling rot too.

(To Be Continued.)

As the result of the relief of the freight congestion, the Eastern Freight Accumulation Conference will dissolve.

The American Mercantile Bank of Peru was incorporated at Hartford, Conn., with a capital of \$5,000,000.

TODAY'S WANTS

ANNUAL SUPPER and entertainment given by St. Anthony's Parish at their hall, Colorado avenue, Thursday evening, June 22nd. Supper served from 5 to 8 p. m. R 29 d*

REMOVAL—My real estate and insurance office is now located at 179 Golden Hill St. T. B. Warren, new Tel. 2417. R 5 *tf

Foot Specialist

DR. MANSFIELD, the foot specialist, 1107 Main street over Dillon's, who was injured in the Milford wreck will resume practice first week of June. D 18 d*

SIDEWALKS

TAR AND CEMENT SIDEWALKS and roofing, blue stone and cement curbs, sand and gravel. Estimates cheerfully given. Thomas Broderick contractor. Phone 7139. 1805 North Ave. R 18 u*

Safes

SAFES—New and second hand; office and house sizes. Walter D. Marsh, 192 Fairfield Ave. A 27 *tf

WANTED

SECRETARIAL POSITION BY YOUNG WOMAN

EXPERIENCED AND THOROUGHLY CAPABLE INQUIRE. S. J. W. CARE FARMER

PORGIES 5c 1b

W. D. COOK & SON 523 Water Street

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Sold by Druggists Everywhere

MONUMENTS MAUSOLEUMS

M. G. KEANE Stratford, Conn. Phone 1396-4

MONUMENTS ARTISTIC-LASTING

HUGHES & CHAPMAN 300 STRATFORD AVENUE Phone Connection

GEORGE P. POTTER Undertaker & Embalmer

Formerly with H. F. Bishop Office, 1185 Broad St. Phone 6848-2 Residence, 275 Black Rock Ave.

HAWLEY & WILMOT, Undertakers and Embalmers

No. 168 State St., Bridgeport, Ct. All calls, day or night, answered from office. George B. Hawley, 113 Washington Terrace; Edward E. Wilmot, 865 Clinton Ave.

M. J. GANNON FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER

1051 Broad St., near John Residence, 297 Vine St. Phone 1259

Wm. Lieberum & Son Embalmers and Undertakers

Office and Residence 581 MAIN STREET Telephone Connection

ROURKE & BOUCHER Undertakers and Embalmers

1295 MAIN STREET, Tel. 1661 Calls Answered Day or Night

JOHN F. GALLAGHER MARGARET L. GALLAGHER Undertakers and Embalmers

Margaret L. Gallagher, only licensed, graduate woman embalmer and undertaker in the city capable of taking entire charge of funerals. Mortuary parlors, office and residence. 571 FAIRFIELD AV. Phone 1390

FRANK POLKE & SON EMBALMERS & UNDERTAKERS

181-197 Stratford Ave. Phone 1590-2 Branch Office, 409 Hancock Ave. Phone 389

GIRLS WANTED

FOR BULB AND TRIMMING DEPARTMENTS

The H. O. CANFIELD CO. HOUSATONIC AVE. R 31 d*

MEN WANTED

Steady Work—Good Pay. Come Ready to Work.

McGee's Coal Yard 269 E. Washington Avenue. R 31 * tf

SCHOOL

THE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL, 326 Fairfield Ave. College preparatory; technical and professional schools, civil service, Hotchkiss Hill, etc. Elementary and advanced subjects—personal work with every student. Enrollment now the best preparation for summer examinations or next year's work. R 6 b*

Help Wanted Male

BOY TO LEARN the carpenter trade, one living at home preferred. Address P. O. 342. R 29 s*p

Female Help Wanted

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Apply 131 Vine St. Phone 3066. R 11 *tf

YOUNG LADIES, 16 to 23, education 8th grade grammar school or equivalent, to learn telephone operating. Dollar a day for 4 weeks. Rapid advancement thereafter. Permanent positions. Apply at 184 Fairfield Ave. Ask for Miss Wheeler. The Southern New England Telephone Co. R 29 d*

To Rent

TO RENT—Four room furnished flat with all improvements; centrally located, to responsible party with reference; adults only. Address I. C. L. Care of Farmer. R 31 b*

For Sale

FOR SALE—Hudson Roadster. Inquire Commercial Garage. R 31 d*

LOBSTER POTS for sale cheap. 151 Seabright Ave, Black Rock. R 29 s*p

FOR SALE—Upright piano, in good condition. If in the market, notify Piano, this office. R 29 s*

FOR SALE—Edison graphophone, cabinet and 214 Edison cylinder records. Address Edison, Care of Farmer. R 31 s*p

FOR SALE—Two family house near Atlantic street, all improvements, 4 rooms each floor, 2 in attic. Address P. O. 342. R 29 s*p

FOR SALE—Restaurant, good locality, and good reason for selling. Call 1358-13. R 18 s*p

FOR SALE—New cottage, terms reasonable. Call evenings or Sundays. 474 Fairview Ave. R 5 *tf

FOR SALE—Nine room house in West End, on easy payments. Address House, Care of Farmer. R 27 *tf

FOR SALE—One large safe, practically new, bargain. See P. Anderson, 306 Fairfield Ave. U 17 *

FOR SALE—5 passenger car, good condition, ready to run, suitable for a jitney. Cheap for cash. Address W. W. E. Care of Farmer. B 17 *e

FOR SALE—At a bargain: 7 room cottage with bath, water and tubs on shore front, Silver Sands. Telephone 4650, Bridgeport. R 25 d*

BIG BARGAIN FOR QUICK BUYER.—\$2,500 cash buys a business block, with all improvements in a desirable location. Has an income of \$1,500 per year. Will sell for \$11,500; \$8,000 to remain on mortgage. If interested, call, write or phone L. Weiss, 1438 Main street. Tel. 2743-3. R 26 s*p

GREATEST BARGAIN in the city in Real Estate, \$8,000 cash buys 30 room fireproof brick apartment house with all modern improvements. Has 6 baths and is located in very desirable section. Can be used as small hotel or for separate apartments. Price very reasonable if bought within a few days. Must be seen to be appreciated. Phone, write or call, L. Weiss, 1438 Main St., Phone 2743-3. U 21 s*p

Upholsterers

WE WILL COVER and furnish all material for 5 piece parlor suit, guarantee all workmanship as first class, ten patterns to select from for \$12 to \$15. See J. Bros. 405 State street. P 6 *tf

Ambulances

AMBULANCES—Invalid cars and limousines. Charges reasonable. James T. Rourke, 1295 Main street. Phone 1661. D 7 d*

Automobiles

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS ATTENTION: We can save you money on your automobile, fire and liability insurance. Give us a chance to figure before you insure elsewhere. Zaimon Goodsell & Co., No. 1094 Main street. Phone No. 31. R 2 s*

Awnings and Sail Maker

SAILS, AWNINGS, COAL BAGS. Spray Hoses, Canvas Covers, Rope Splicing. Geo. L. Harrington, 176 East Main street. Tel. 6948. U 16 c*

Clairvoyants

MRS. LEVY, readings, 25c and 50c. Telephone 5552, 1153 Madison avenue, formerly of 674 Madison avenue. D 15 *tf

Doctor

THE MODERN and scientific methods employed in my practice such as electric light rays, neuropathy, chiropathy, massage, hygiene, are in accord with nature and will improve and restore your health. Dr. Adolf O. Steinfadt, Douglas practitioner. Security Building, Tel. 6788; consultation free. B 17 *

JEWELRY

DIAMONDS on credit—Diamonds, watches and solid gold. Exclusively designed jewelry. Weekly payments. Will call. Rothblum, 425 State St. downstairs. R 9 *tf

Furniture

SCALLY BROS., 105 STATE ST. Largest dealers of second hand furniture in the state. We pay more than others; we have no rent to pay. U 10 a*

Insurance

DAMAGE IS ABOUT ALL fire can do to your property. Insurance deducting 1-2c a day protects you. All the particulars at D. B. Booth & Co., Conn. Bank Building. R 15 *tf

Inventors

WANTED—Inventors to send for one of my booklets on U. S. and Foreign patent. Mercer D. Blondel, Patent Solicitor, Conn. National Bank building. B 27 *tf

A YOUNG MAN of good habits would like a position around some business house. Address W. J. Smith, 115 Wall Street. U 5 d*

Merchants' Exchange

Edwin Smith & Co. Dealers in guns, fishing tackle and sporting goods. Keys fitted, locks repaired, saws filed, door checks put on and repaired, talking machines, steel tape and light repairing of all kinds at Smith's Gun Store, 95 Wall St., Tel. 4298-8. R 15 *tf

RUBBER STAMPS made by us are reliable, we carry a complete line of stamps, supplies, ink pads, deters, rubber type, etc. The Schwedert Stamp Co., 41 Cannon St. G 15 d*

Shoe Repairing

GOODYEAR SHOE REPAIRING CO., 76 John St., and 945 East Main street. No connection with other so-called Goodyear Shops. We call and deliver. Tel. 1391. Winfield S. Black, Prop. U 1 *tf

ENGRAVED Wedding Announcements, 100 complete with two sets of envelopes for \$6.50. Southworth's, 10 Arcade. L 19 *tf

Unclassified

NOW IS THE TIME to get your lead, gutters and roof repaired. Satisfaction guaranteed. P. C. Brown, 1443 North Ave., Bridgeport, Conn. R 4 d*

WILL THE PARTY who took the bag of money at 10:40 Thursday morning at Dublin's market on Seaview avenue return same immediately and avoid trouble. R 4 s*p

AGENTS—Our household specialties are big sellers; labor savers for housewife. Nice profit. Write for free booklet. The Powell Co., Box 144, B.B., Boston, Mass. U 8 s* 6 6 c

HATCHING EGGS FOR SALE—S. C. White Leghorns, \$1.50 for 15. White Plains Poultry Farm, Postoffice Box 105, Trumbull, Conn. U 10 a*p

WHITE WYANDOTTE EGGS \$2 and \$5 per setting from prize winning stock. Day old chicks 20c. Lynch, 456 Fairview Ave., Bridgeport, Conn. S 4 b*

HATCHING EGGS—S. C. Buff Orpingtons from the world's best strain. Owen Farm stock, \$2.50 per 15; S. C. White Leghorns, Barron strain, \$1.00 per 15. Hollister Heights Poultry Yard, Trumbull, Conn., Box 203, Stratford. U 22 b*p

Stoves Repaired

STOVES REPAIRED, all kinds supplies, all makes, pipes, grates, bricks, etc. Charges reasonable. 1715 Main St. Phone 2349-4. G 8 *tf

WANTED POSITION as chauffeur, well acquainted in New England and New York state. Reference. Address S. B. R., 796 Main St., City. B 10 d*

YOUNG MAN, married, J. T., wishes a position driving or helping. Inquire Mr. T. McGuire, 842 State St. in rear. T 7 d*